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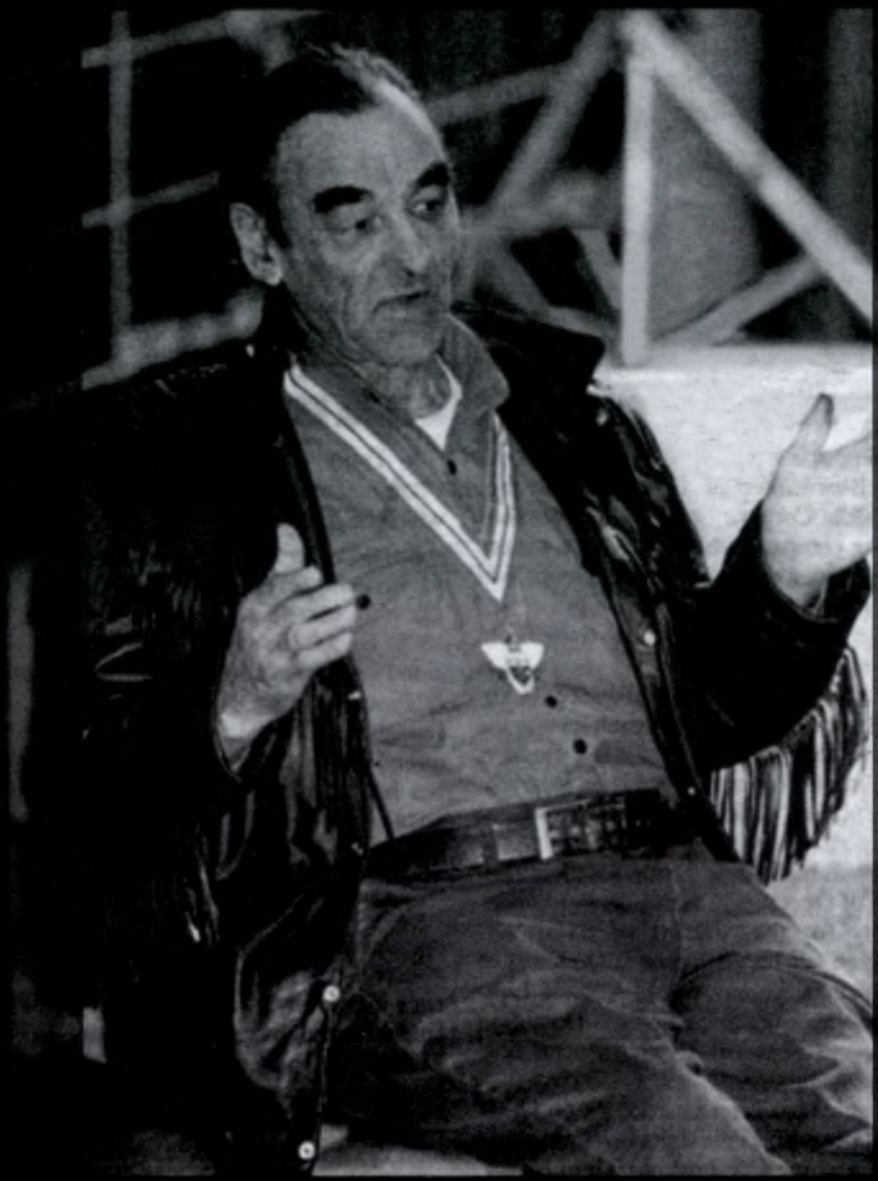

Late Art Solomon

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Memories

When I learnt that the old Catholic Church had been burnt down a lot of memories from my past surfaced. It had been a long time since I had thought of that particular part of my life.

The church and its impact on the community really started before I was even born. My grandfather visited Mistissini somewhere around 1941. He left for about a year but was drawn back. In about 1942 he established a fur trading post giving the Hudson's Bay Company a little competition. By around 1948, grandpa made a deal, a 99-year lease on the point.

In the fifties grandpa gave the Catholic Church use of part of the land he leased. Father Alain, of the Oblate fathers, became sort of a fixture at that time, at least to me as he was always there in my early memories.

Perhaps what I remember him most for was his movies. Father Alain had this old oil/diesel powered contraption to deliver electricity in the days when there wasn't any electricity in Mistissini. The old beast had these wide bands of rubber that turned something. The closest analogy I can think of is to imagine a skidoo belt system and add a few of those only about a foot wide and over five feet long. It was a dirty dark place of mystery to us kids who would watch the Father every time he would fix it, which seemed to be a regular occurrence. The Oblate Fathers were famous for coming to the north and being prepared for it. They were trained as plumbers, carpenters and builders.

The wait to see the beast repaired was worth it though because Father Alain had the only show in town. Of course the good father carefully previewed these films in private. Then he would have us kids run around town letting people know what time to come to see the show. Our reward for this was usually a bag of chips or we wouldn't have to pay the $0.25 entry fee. The little place would be filled to the rafters. Then Father Alain would start the movie. Anytime a kissing scene came on Father Alain in his role as protector of our innocence would turn the focusing lens and blur the scene. For the potentially more risquÚ parts a card would go in front of the lens. I along with others used try to see what was on the card but the Father was too crafty for us and managed to hide the scene. I think he was amused by our attempts as much as we were disappointed.

Originally the Father came to minister to the needs of the nurses and occasional Hudson Bay clerks who were Catholic. He made only a few converts among the Mistissini population as the Anglican Church had gained a stronghold by that time. When I was born he blessed me according to my mother. The Father always asked after me as he asked after anyone that he had blessed.

In short the church burning brought back memories of a past I remember fondly. As Public Safety Officer Matthew Gunner said "it was a sore sight to see, a piece of history went up in flames."

The fire is suspected to have been set by young children. At least three attempts had been made earlier according to Gunner. He told me that two pieces from the church were saved, a real church bell and an iron cross that were part of the church. These pieces of Mistissini history will go to the local school.

As for my memories while they may occasionally seem forgotten they will always be there as a part of the life I lived. They are some of the things that made me what I am today. I do regret the loss of what was one of the first churches in Mistissini but part of the memories will live on in the local school for others to learn about.

And if there are any morals to this stroll down memory lane it is two things; perhaps sometimes we take things for granted until they are gone and we have not taught children not to play with fire well enough.

by William Nicholls

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Art Solomon
Photo: Unknown
Design: Sylvia Tennisco

rezNotes

by Ndiamon

I've been browsing through the past few issues of The Nation to catch up on events I missed whilst away from La Belle province on business.

It's fun and kind of weird to read through the magazine when you haven't been involved in putting it together from start to finish. You get a good idea of how readers feel when it first lands on their doorsteps (so to speak). The stories are fairly tame in comparison to the ones in the city of Winnipeg's Sun and Free Press or even in the numerous weeklies serving that fair city.

For several days running the Sun ran stories of several flashers flashing their wares just down the street from us. One of the exhibitionists, it was reported, weighed 300 pounds. In another story police were said to be investigating a series of suspicious house fires spread out over the city. No wonder they were suspicious. There were a reported 2,700 fires this year alone, up from 1,700. One of them just three doors from us during our stay. We chased a firetruck on two calls but they were both false alarms.

In another story with a crime-in-Winnipeg angle, the US TV show America's Most Wanted featured the story of a man who had passed through Winnipeg, raped a woman and disappeared. That next morning he was arrested in Calgary and shipped back in chains. And that was all in the first week. He was later released on a technicality.

Winnipeg is a tiny city with metropolitan troubles and, all too coincidentally, the highest Native population in the country. 70,000 Cree, Anishnabe, Saulteaux, Metis make up 10 percent of the city's total population. Which is partly the reason why we were in the city in the first place.

Most Native people live in the "North End." With it's tree lined streets it looks like any other neighbourhood except for the graffiti, boarded up businesses, the down and out, screaming sirens, sniffers, young and old prostitutes on street corners and johns circling like vultures in automobiles. Two families we got to know intimately have no choice but to live in this part of town.

Paul, his wife Jane, his son Paul and daughter Sharmeen live in one of the worst areas. Another son has fled the gang to a nearby reserve, another is trying to make it on his own on welfare, one more boy they haven't seen in months could be still in the gangs.

Everyday Paul, Jane and the kids look outside their window and see prostitutes and johns conducting business. A crack house is a block or two up their street. Two years ago, someone fired a shotgun through their living room window in the middle of the night. They made then the decision to move away. But the $23,000 offer they got for their house wasn't even half the house's worth. Not far from their block a small house was on sale for $13,000. So there they live waiting to sell the house and move.

Another family lives not too far away. Marie and her husband Lang rent a tiny house with their six young kids. Marie still lives with memories of a hellish childhood in an abusive alcoholic family. Lang is a victim of the forced adoptions of Native children in the 60's and 70's. Add to that their two eldest daughters were beaten by girl gangs they call wannabes two nights in a row. They have also made the decision to leave and find a better home. But without jobs and little prospects they have little to choose from and so look for one they can afford just blocks away.

Why am I telling you about these hard luck stories? They will be broadcast in a documentary on Newsworld next year. (The film, by the way, has gone through four title changes and none have stuck yet, so we'll keep you posted.)

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Nation

Skeptical reaction to HQ joint venture

Hydro-Quebec's offer of Cree co-ownership of the 1,280-megawatt Eastmain-Rupert hydro project was met with skepticism and suspicion in Mistissini and Waskaganish.

Hydro's top brass, including chairman André Caillé, spent the afternoon of Thurs., Sept. 10, in Mistissini answering questions and selling the proposed new project, with its pricetag of $2.2-$3 billion.

The reaction was mixed among the 120-odd audience members, said Kenny Loon, Mistissini's recently elected chief. "Some seemed to support it if we get compensation," he said. "Then there are the tallymen directly affected. They seem to be opposed. They had a lot of questions."

Community members asked Hydro's officials to return in a few months to answer more questions. Many residents "felt rushed" as they were getting ready to go in the bush to hunt moose.

But Loon said Hydro's new policy of involving First Nations in hydro projects was welcome in Mistissini. "People kept thanking Hydro-Quebec for showing respect by coming and consulting them. People were happy with the approach Hydro-Quebec was taking, but at the same time they were suspicious."

As for Waskaganish, our informant put the number in the audience at "50 to 100." The session lasted all afternoon and a couple of hours that night. (The Hydro execs didn't spend the night in town.)

During the question period, trappers had a lot of questions about impacts on the land and the Rupert River, which flows past Waskaganish.

Our source reported that the Hydro officials weren't able to answer all the questions posed.

Chief Billy Diamond of Waskaganish did not return our call.

The two meetings followed two earlier Hydro visits to Eastmain and Nemaska.

Thierry Vandal, Hydro's vice-president of strategic planning and business development, said Crees are being invited to invest their own money in the project, in exchange for a cut of the profits, which he wouldn't estimate. However, he did estimate revenues of $150-$180 million a year.

Asked to define the partnership being proposed, he said, "Co-ownership means co-deciders, everything, co-investors... There's quite a bit of opportunity for this investment."

Under Hydro's plan, a 68-metre-high dam would be built on the Eastmain River north of Nemaska, creating a 624-square-kilometre reservoir. Dozens of dikes would be built, along with over 260 km of roads.

The Rupert River would be blocked off at either KM 314 or KM 490, depending on which (if any) variation of the project is favoured. Ninety per cent of the river's flow would be diverted northward into the Eastmain reservoir to put more water into Hydro's turbines, Vandal said.

At the Rupert's mouth, where Waskaganish is located, the river's flow would be reduced by two-thirds (under the KM 314 scenario) or half (under the less-destructive KM 490 scenario).

"We want to do something on a basis that would be acceptable to the Cree Nations," Vandal said, noting that details of the project remain open to discussion and change.

by Alex Roslin

Cree Co. $32M in the red

Cree Co. Inc.'s fortunes took a nosedive last year as it declared a loss of $7.55 million, according to the company's annual report for 1997/98. The huge loss sent the Cree-owned company's accumulated deficit soaring to $31.7 million.

Cree Regional Economic Enterprises Company, founded in 1982, saw its revenues rise from $89.3 million in 1997 to $95.3 million last year, the report said.

But costs rose much faster, shooting a gaping hole in Cree Co.'s bottom line.

There is no breakdown for profit or loss in each of Cree Co.'s subsidiaries: Cree Construction and Development Company, Valpiro Inc., Air Creebec, Servinor Food Wholesaler Inc. and Jessel Foods Ltd.

Roderick Pachano, chairman and president of Cree Co., didn't respond to our requests for an interview.

Cree Co. is a subsidiary of the Board of Compensation, which in turn falls under the authority of the Cree Regional Authority. The Board of Compensation manages a total of $157 million in Cree assets, including a heritage fund received as compensation for hydro projects. Pachano is also chairman of the Board of Compensation.

The Board of Compensation refused to give *The Nation* a copy of its latest annual report and suggested we ask one of the bands. Some bands said they hadn't seen any copies either. We did eventually get a copy through unofficial channels and will do an article in an upcoming issue.

The Board of Compensation also reportedly protested when information from its annual report was posted on the Grand Council of the Crees' Web site. The offending information had to be removed.

Pachano, in his message in the Cree Co. report, says changes have been made that "should" turn the company around. He criticized some Cree communities for going into "direct competition" with Cree Construction, "forming partnerships even with those whose stated goal is to ensure that the regional company does not succeed."

Crees "unwittingly" help the competition "with our own unwillingness or inability to work together," Pachano wrote.

-by Alex Roslin

Mistissini Sports & Recreation

Cree Nation of Mistissini, Quebec

On behalf of the Mistissini Sports & Recreation and the Organizing Committee it is with our great pleasure to officially invite you to participate in:

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Women	Eight (8)	$400.00	$2,500.00	$1,000.00
Boys (13-16)	Eight (8)	$300.00	$1,500.00	$500.00
Girls (13-16)	Eight (8)	$300.00	$1,500.00	$500.00
Mini-Boys (12 & under)	Eight (8)	$300.00	$1,500.00	$500.00
Mini-Girls (12 & under)	Eight (8)	$300.00	$1,500.00	$500.00

****** Prize money may vary depending on the number of teams that register. The first teams to register and pay the inscription fees will be accepted. NO EXCEPTIONS. All other teams will be placed on stand-by.***

*ALL TEAMS MUST SEND THEIR INSCRIPTION FEE IN FULL BEFORE THE DEADLINE DATE!

DEADLINE TO REGISTER: OCTOBER 2, 1998

For more information contact the Mistissini Sports &Recreation Department@ (418) 923-3461 ext. 322 or 246.

CONFLICT-OF-INTEREST ALLEGED IN PARK SPAT

A big chunk of Mistissini's picturesque Elders' Park will soon be sliced off and turned into a lot for a new house, if the band administration gets its way.

Nearby residents are up in arms because the lot is going to none other than Thomas Neeposh, director-general of the band and a member of the Band Council.

The choice land with its spectacular view of Mistissini Lake has long been coveted as an ideal place for a home.

The Elders' Park sits on top of a hill near the end of a point that juts out into the lake. It is a serene location perfect for sitting and relaxing away from the hustle and bustle of the town.

"Other people have requested it to build a house there and they were always refused. Along comes this person who holds a position on the council," said one concerned resident. "It's really a conflict-of-interest for me."

The resident said the park's neighbours believe Neeposh used his influence to push the plan to open up the park to housing.

Construction is scheduled to start this fall, but there is talk of a petition opposing the changes at the park.

Thomas Neeposh confirmed he is getting the lot: "That's what I understand." Asked if anyone else had ever requested the lot before him, he replied, "When I was the land registry officer there was no official request for that spot."

Neeposh referred all further questions to Buckley Petawabano, the current land registry officer.

Petawabano acknowledged that another resident had inquired about putting a house at the spot several years back, but was turned down. At the time, residents started a petition opposing any housing at the site and managed to kill the idea for a while.

Petawabano said all community members were allowed to apply for the lot this time around, provided they "passed the requirements."

Despite a long waiting list for housing in the community and the fact that Neeposh already has a house, Petawabano said the director-general was the only person who actually applied for the lot. And so he got it.

Petawabano said the community lacks lots serviced by sewage lines and other infrastructure where new homes can be built. That's why attention turned to the Elders' Park, which he said Elders haven't been using anyway since it was created five or six years ago.

"Elders like to be where things are happening, the co-op, post office, Meechum, where there's lots of people," he said.

The band decided to put a house on part of the Elders' Park, turn the rest into a playground and create a new park for Elders in a more central location, like behind the co-op store. "The Elders can have both parks," Petawabano said.

In August, community members voted at an assembly to accept this plan. About 150 residents were present.

Petawabano said he hasn't heard of any opposition to the plan. But one resident who does oppose the plan said people do use the Elders' Park and they'd use it more if it was properly maintained. "Nobody ever cuts the grass, only once a year. The benches are broken. Who's going to use it when you have broken benches?"

by Alex Roslin

RAID FOUNDER PASSES ON

The snowmobile-racing world suffered a great loss with the recent passing away of Richard Guay.

Guay, a successful Lebel-sur-Quévillon businessman, was well-known in the Cree world as the founder of the Raid des Braves in 1991. The soon-to-be-legendary Raid was inspired by the Harricana snowmobile race, which was organized by Europeans. Guay wondered why people in Quebec couldn't organize their own race.

The Raid immediately caught on big time, with teams joining in from around the province within a couple of years. At first centred in the Quévillon area, it expanded into an epic, 3,000-km trek across much of Quebec, including Iyiyuuschii.

As it grew, Guay worked tirelessly and put his own money into the Raid. Mike Prince, who's been involved with the Raid for a number of years, said without Guay the Raid could never have survived, despite a growing number of sponsors and consultants who were involved.

Guay's vision was to promote the North as a place where people could work together. "It was his passion. He was just doing it for the pure pleasure."

Prince said this year there will be no Raid des Braves. A La Sarre businessman is considering taking it over, but there is also interest among some Crees in either taking over the Raid or starting a new race.

Prince also reported that Mistissini's Team Pimpichuu, winner of the last two Raids, has signed on as the official Yamaha Factory Team for three-man racing teams in all of Canada. The team, renamed as "Yamaha Pimpichuu," is appearing in Yamaha's promotional material and gets the company's high-tech equipment. Look for an interview in an upcoming issue.

This season, Yamaha Pimpichuu and other Cree teams are entering the Challenge Kanada race, which starts in Hearst, Ont. and will probably pass through O.J. on the way to Quebec City. *-Alex Roslin*

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Above the rim

BY CRAIG DUNN

This past August, Above the Rim Basketball School ran its second week-long basketball camp in Richmond, Quebec (about 150 km southeast of Montreal). Again this year, there were many Cree students coming all the way down from Chisasibi, Wemindji, Eastmain and Waskaganish.

The students were kept busy during the day by some of Quebec's finest coaches from the high school through the university levels. Also working with the students was the number-one ranked college player in Canada from Dawson College, an All-American from St. Joe's University in Maine, and a member of the Team Canada Women's National Basketball Team.

Coach Lisen Moore from McGill University and Don Caldwell from Champlain College both commented on how attentive and eager the students were to learn. All the returning staff also noticed the improvements from last year's returning players.

Focus was placed on improving all fundamental skills of the game and putting them into game situations. In the evening the students enjoyed horseback riding, bowling, swimming, boating and a shopping trip on the final Saturday morning.

What also made this year's event special was the interaction of youth from James Bay, the Eastern Townships, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. Although the students came from each community with different backgrounds and cultures when they arrived for camp they were all the same: young people wanting to learn more about the game they love and make new friends from other parts of the country. Both of which were achieved!! The students all worked and cohabited well with each other.

The success of Above the Rim Basketball could not have been achieved without the efforts of many people in the North. I would like to thank the Weistches and Blacks from Waskaganish, Dorothy Tomatuk from Eastmain, Mario Boiselle from Wemindji, Delores Wash, Liette Neacappo, Larry House and John Pash for their efforts in helping the youth to come to Above the Rim Basketball School.

It was a great summer and I look forward to seeing everybody again at the basketball invitationals this year and hopefully again in Richmond next summer!

Whapmagoostui man sentenced to six years

BY WILLIAM NICHOLLS

Joseph Napartuk, 29, of Whapmagoostui pled guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to six years in prison, starting September 9. Napartuk was involved in an alcohol-related incident in which Sydney Bullfrog was killed sometime after midnight on April 20 earlier this year.

According to the police, Napartuk and Bullfrog were involved in a fistfight which ended with Napartuk kicking Bullfrog after he had fallen to the ground. Napartuk was described by the police as "a very violent person who likes to fight." Napartuk was also said to be "lucky" to have survived an earlier incident in which he fired a weapon at a SWAT team in Whapmagoostui that had flown up from Montreal, according to police.

Crown prosecutor Marie-Chantal Brassard said the six-year sentence was a "common suggestion" by the Crown and the defense. She said the length of the sentence was decided upon by jurisprudence and northern precedence. "I don't think it's a lot, but that's the North."

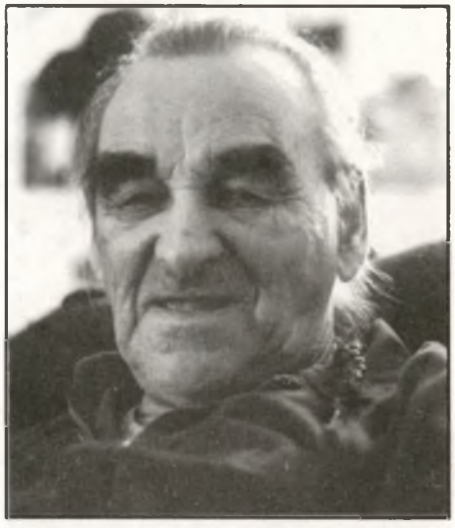
Noah Coonishish, who is the Cree liaison officer to the court, thought the sentence was good since "manslaughter is going at two years on the average."

Bassard said other mitigating factors in the case helped to decide the length. The case involved alcohol, Napartuk pled guilty before any witnesses took the stand and said he was sorry but understood it wasn't going to change anything, she said.

Wally Rabbitskin of Mistissini checks his time after placing fourth at the 42.2-kilometre "Marathon des Deux Rives" Quebec City Marathon, held for the first time on August 30. Congratulations, Wally, and thanks to the reader who sent this picture.

Paying Homage to

Art and Eva Soloman



Homage to a great spiritual leader, teacher and Anishinabe Elder, Dr. Arthur Solomon, and to his lifelong partner, Eva (Pelletier) Solomon

Kesheyanakwan, Fast Moving Cloud
Joseph William Arthur Solomon (1913-1997)
Bear Clan (the Healers)

Nimkiikwense, Thundergirl
Eva Alma (Pelletier) Solomon (1913-1997)
Deer Clan (the Gentle Ones)

BY JODY FREEMAN

Over a year has gone by since Art and Eva Salomon made their passage: Art on June 29, 1997, joining Eva, who led the way on March 8th, International Women's Day. They walked this earth for 83 years, and I can't fathom what it might feel like, from the earth's perspective, to no longer hear the call of their steps. I would miss that, I think, if Art and Eva had treaded on my skin for 83 revolutions around the sun, and now lay quiet in my depths. From where I stand, though, on the face of the earth, I miss their voices. I miss feasting on their faces. I miss Art's stubbornness and Eva's joy. The path they have opened up is like a vast garden seeded with their values and vision. All the elements are present in that garden: love and wonder, anger, pain and courage.

The first time I met Art, it was at the airport in Montreal in 1993. Art was sitting tall and quiet in a wheelchair, with a red blanket over his knees. He was 80 years old then and had come to Montreal to speak at an international suicide prevention conference. I drove him home in my beat-up old Toyota, and he had to trudge up three flights of stairs to my apartment. We sat in my kitchen, Art rolling cigarette after cigarette and drinking cup after cup of espresso coffee. A little later, he told me his blood pressure was way up over 200.

That was just one indication of Art's extraordinarily strong will. He was beginning to have kidney problems by then and was very tired, but he still consented to travel hundreds of miles to convey his convictions and teachings, and foster some kind of healing. In this case, he came to share his awareness with a large non-Native audience from around the world. I can still see him standing alone on the stage, lighting sage in an abalone shell and fanning it with his eagle feather. He took his time before speaking, and first apologized for having to rely on a speech he had written ahead of time. He would have preferred to speak off the top of his head, as he usually did. As the sage smoke unfurled over larger and larger sections of the audience, Art began with these words, which ran right through my heart:

"There is a purpose and a meaning for every human life. It is given at the moment of conception by the Creator God. There is not only a purpose and a meaning for every human life, but there is also a destiny and the power to accomplish that destiny. There is also a free will given to each child of God, and that free will is so special and so precious that not even the Creator God will interfere with it, otherwise it is no longer free will."

There was so much grief in that auditorium, you could almost touch it. Everybody there had lost someone close to them. Art's voice moved over us like a balm, sometimes gentle, sometimes outraged. I sat there feeling the sacredness of all of us, those of us who were still alive and those of us who were now in spirit. My heart lay open. This is what Art created, through his words and voice and powerful presence.

After the conference, Art's son, Raymond, arrived from Shediac to drive Art back to Sudbury. His love for his father was as clear on his face as sunlight flooding a room. They left for Sudbury not long afterwards. In my closet, I found a sweater of Art's that smelled like fresh wet cedar forest. I didn't want to give it back.

A lot happened before I could see Art again and meet Eva for the first time. He had a kidney failure — what he called his "plumbing problem" — and that meant he needed more care and had to be on dialysis. His travelling was restricted. People had to come to him rather than the other way around. I was shy to visit him, though. My partner had died of kidney failure a few years before, and I was afraid of how I'd react when I saw Art. By the time I finally got up the courage to visit, everything was all right. More than all right — I met Eva, and she opened her arms to me like a sister.

I miss them both deeply. Yet I am just as aware of the fullness of the void left by their passage, as I am of its emptiness. It makes me wonder about the Great Mystery. After spending so much of my life trying not to feel empty — trying to avoid the void - I find it heartening to discover that this void actually feels pregnant and rich with offerings that have yet to take form. This is no small tribute to Eva and Art's generosity. Thoughts and images of them fill my heart — their voices, their quiet presence, their humour, their gifts.

Their legacy is profound, powerful healing, and at the same time, challenging. Eva offers us deep acceptance and trust that we can be truly who we are and all will be right, through love and tears and laughter. Art incites us to act with courage and truth, and set things right. Both remind us of the power and will of heartfulness.

Eva and Art were born in 1913 — Eva in Sagamok, Ontario (on the Spanish River Reserve), and Art in Killarney, Ontario. Both Eva's mother and father, Cecilia Miller and Onizime (Dan) Pelletier, were Ojibwa. Art's mother, Mary Elizabeth Leger, was French-Canadian and his father, Joseph W.A. Solomon, was Ojibwa. Eva's mother died when Eva was 11, and she later had a stepmother, Jane Zack. Art had a stepfather, Joseph Burke, who married his mother after his father died, when Art was 15.

Art and Eva were sent away from their families to residential school in Spanish, Ontario, and this marked their lives profoundly, in ways beyond words. They went to separate schools — one for boys and one for girls — and knew each other by sight across the school yard fence, since Art was friends with several of Eva's brothers. (Girls and boys were forbidden to talk to one another over the fence, so Eva couldn't speak to her brothers, much less to Art.)

When Eva was about 16, she moved to Toronto where she worked as a housekeeper and trained as a hairdresser. Art returned to Killarney after completing Grade 8. Without even being tested there, he was put back to Grade 6. Art went to work at the age of 14. By the time he was 18, he'd left school. As he put it, he didn't drop out — he walked out.

Those experiences didn't quell Art's thirst for learning and his ardent interest in the world, however. Even in the last months of his life, he would get up in the middle of the night and read. His piercing intelligence and knowledge won him three honorary doctoral degrees: a Doctorate of Laws from Laurentian University in 1986, a Doctorate of Divinity from Queens University in 1988, and a Doctorate of Laws from Concordia University in 1992.

Eva also held a deep interest in the world of people and community. Her wisdom came from her great and gentle heart — her love of people and of life itself. While Art sat reading a magazine like the New Internationalist, she could be found delighting in a book of Tibetan sand paintings or stories written by her granddaughter Ang_le, or creating at her sewing machine.

> "Our part is to get up and change the world..."

I had the honour and pleasure of becoming friends with Art and Eva when they were already in their eighties. My favourite photograph of them, though, was taken sometime in the 1930s. They are standing together in the wind, Art looking straight ahead, tall as a tree, and Eva laughing, her head at his shoulder, her hair blowing wildly.

Back in the early '30s, Art was a fisherman in Killarney. In the throes of the Depression, he also worked as a pulp cutter, road builder, logger, hunter, farmer, blacksmith, and carpenter. In 1935, Eva came to Killarney for her brother Johnny's wedding. She hadn't planned to stay, but changed her mind after meeting up with Art again. Eva worked in Killarney for a few years before she and Art went to Blind River. They got married in Spanish when they were 25 (in 1938), and began raising the first of their many children.

Neither Eva nor Art could stand injustice or exploitation. When Art worked as a miner in Sudbury from 1937 to 1944, he became active in forming Local 598 of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. I imagine him putting great energy into his union work. His sense of serving a greater cause - his calling to serve a greater cause — may well have been kindled and fanned in that period. He and Eva were not yet in their thirties.

In the early 1950s, Art was asked to join the Nickel Belt Indian Club. Reclaiming his Native roots was a "the hard way to go," as he put it. It was a path strewn with thorns and sharp rocks and fallen branches, yet one that was also lined with sage and cedar and sweet grass. He and Eva chose this path that they would walk until the end of their days, claiming their destiny and the power to accomplish that destiny. Others were making similar choices, creating a broad cultural, spiritual and political movement of Native people in the 1960s.

Art's interest in Native crafts led him to help found a number of organizations to promote Native craftspeople and open up new markets for their work. In 1964, Art helped create the World Crafts Council in New York, and in 1965, he was a founding member of the Canadian Craftsmen's Association in Winnipeg. He also created an organization called Indian Crafts of Ontario. Art was given the name Kesheyanakwan (Fast Moving Cloud) by the Cree community of Kasabonika (northwestern Ontario) when he single-handedly linked their craftspeople to the larger markets in the south. His interest in Native crafts took him all the way to South America. Art himself was a wood carver, and Eva sewed, quilted and did beadwork.

By the late 1960s and early '70s, when Art and Eva were approaching 60, Art was a well-known and respected advisor to many Native individuals, including members of the American Indian Movement (AIM). He offered spiritual counsel and worked for justice for Leonard Peltier and many others, including some non-Native people. Art also traveled to Geneva for the World Conference on Indigenous People in 1977 as a delegate and spiritual advisor. Eva's commitment to the cause of justice was just as deep and heartfelt, if less public.

Art consistently denounced the injustice of a system in which "the government that determines to steal from the Original People of this land" turns around and judges them according to its own laws. Art advocated justice through peaceful means:

"Our part is to get up and change the world.

It comes from the hearts and minds and

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2nd Annual Best of James Bay Survey

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Best Community Contribution (Man)

Best Community Contribution (Woman)

Most Outstanding Elder

Most Outstanding Youth

Most Outstanding Tallyman

Best Hunter

Best Fisher

Fastest Goose Plucker

Best Storyteller

Best Politician

Most Disliked Politician

Best Band Council

Worst Band Council

Cree Most Likely to Change the System

Best Athlete

Best Cook

Best Musician

Best Artist

Best Cultural Contribution

Best Cree Media (person or organization)

Funniest Cree

Smartest Cree

Best Pool Player

Best Gossiper

Best Checkers/Chess Player

Best UFO Sighting Spot

CONSUMER AWARDS

Best Auto Dealer
Hardy Ringuette ❒ Aubé ❒
Gareau ❒ Barraute ❒
Automobile Chibougamau ❒
Veillette & Johnson ❒
Other (specify): _____

Best Snowmobile Dealer
Mario Monger ❒ Beric Sport ❒
Ou J'ai des Sports ❒ Indoho ❒
Other: _____

Best Restaurant
Del's Destaurant ❒ Brien's ❒
Bar-B-Barn ❒ Jacob's ❒
Kanio-Kashee Lodge ❒
Waswanipi Cafeteria ❒
Other: _____

Worst Restaurant
Capissisit Lodge Rest. ❒
Waswanipi Cafeteria ❒
Moulin Rouge (Chiboug.) ❒
Other: _____

Best Hamburger
McDonald's Big Mac ❒
Jacob's ❒ Waswanipi Caf. ❒
Other: _____

Best Pizza
Mike's ❒ Pizza Hut ❒
Chisasibi Mitchuap Rest. ❒
Waswanipi Cafeteria ❒
Other: _____

Best Bar/Club
Winny's ❒ Chateau Louis ❒
Chateau Inn ❒ Boréal ❒
Other: _____

Best Grocery Store
Metro ❒ Chisasibi Co-op ❒
Oudaa Store ❒
Other: _____

Rowdiest Bar
Chateau Louis ❒ Cristal's ❒
Other: _____

Best Hotel
Sheraton Centre ❒
Journey's End ❒ Eskers ❒
Confortel ❒ Escale ❒
Kanio-Kashee Lodge ❒
Other: _____

Best Hunting Supplies
Sport Expert (Rouyn) ❒
Ferplus ❒
Mario Monger ❒ Le Baron ❒
Other: _____

Best Fishing Supplies
Sport Expert (Rouyn) ❒
Western ❒
Baron ❒ Ferplus ❒
Other: _____

Best Sports Supplies
Podium ❒
Sports Express ❒
Sport Expert (Rouyn) ❒
Other: _____

Best Bridal Shop
Jaymore's ❒
St. Hubert St. Plaza ❒
Other: _____

Best Flower Shop
Helene Fleuriste ❒
Diane Fleuriste ❒
Serlivard ❒
Other: _____

Best Jewellery Shop
Bijouterie Riche Or ❒
Bijouterie Baribeau ❒
Bijouterie Val d'Or Enrg ❒
Other: _____

Best Children's Clothing
Petit Luptin ❒
Géant des Aubaines ❒
The Gap for Kids ❒
Au coin des petits ❒
Other: _____

Best Toy Store
Toys "R" Us ❒ Dollarama ❒
Other: _____

Best Furniture Shop
Meubles Marchand ❒
Meubles Selections ❒
Ameublement Jeanne Inc. ❒
Branchaud ❒
Other: _____

Best Music Shop
HMV ❒ Musicon ❒
Polyson ❒ Mag Music ❒
Sam The Record Man ❒
Christian Book Store ❒
Other: _____

Coolest Clothing Store
Le Chateau ❒ Bo Jeans ❒
Rio sud Val d'Or ❒
Stitches ❒ Géant des Aubaines ❒
Other: _____

Best Gift Shop
Wachiya ❒ Hallmark ❒
Michou ❒ Wal-Mart ❒
Other: _____

Favourite Airline
Air Creebec ❒ Canadian ❒
Air Wemindji ❒
Other: _____

Best Overall Business
Air Creebec ❒ Cree co. ❒
Kepa Transport ❒
Cree Construction ❒
Other: _____

Best Town for Shopping
Chibougamau ❒ Timmins ❒
Val d'Or ❒ Montreal ❒
Rouyn-Noranda ❒ Amos ❒
Other: _____

OPINION SURVEY

If I were Grand Chief (*please continue*)...

_____

_____

_____

_____

FAX TO (514) 278-9914 OR MAIL TO 5505 BLVD. ST. LAURENT, SUITE 4203B, MONTREAL, QC. H2T 1S6

Cont'd from page 11

hands of the Children of God
Who affirm Life for all that is living.

The colours are black, red, yellow and white.
They are engaged in the dance of liberation,
And the name of the power that they are using
Is called L.O.V.E.
The invincible, irresistible power of God (...)"

He called on each child of the Creator to know that "it is vitally important what we do with our hearts and our minds." "We will either willingly, or mindlessly, be a part of that destruction (i.e. of the Earth) or we will set our hearts and minds against it."

Art also trusted that "the Great Mystery will take back possession of this Creation again," and that the sacred Native prophecies of justice and redress would come to pass - the Hopi prophesy of the "Great Purification" and the Ojibwa prophesy of the Seven Fires. This redress could not come about, however, without the contribution and participation of each person. For Art, it was essential that we "offer our lives to the Creator for our sacred Mother Earth and for the People," to bring about healing, balance and justice.

"We have come to see that we are the people who were spoken of,
The People of the Seventh Fire,
And it is said that if the seventh fire was able
To light the eighth fire,
There would be peace on Earth for all the Creation."

In 1975, Art was asked by Dr. Newbery, a professor at the University of Sudbury, to collaborate in creating a Native Studies Programme. Art's experience and commitment to sharing knowledge were central in bringing this project to fruition. Over the next decade Art expanded on this work by helping to create a special social work program designed for the Native community: the Native Human Services Department. He was also instrumental in creating the University Prisons Programme, with a curriculum designed for Native people in prison.

Don, the eldest son with Eva.

Art's outrage at the indignities suffered by Native people drove him to take on what he called the Canadian criminal "just us" system on various fronts, and he became intimately familiar with the prison system. He often traveled hundreds of miles visiting Native prisoners as an Elder and spiritual counselor. (Art was a member of the Spiritual Elders' Council for the Kingston-area federal prisons.) He also acted as an advocate for individual inmates, speaking out and writing letters on their behalf, creating a place for them in a healing community, offering them love and support in very practical and creative ways. His profound compassion and insight into their needs also led him to create new structures like Newbery House in Sudbury, the first halfway house for Native ex-inmates. Art and Eva's sense of solidarity and connectiveness with this brotherhood and sisterhood remained with them all their lives.

When Art first began to serve Native inmates as a spiritual counselor and teacher, traditional ceremonies had no legitimate status compared to other religious ceremonies, and Native Elders were not granted equivalent respect. It was Art's persistence in raising the consciousness of prison authorities that opened the way for Native spiritual practices in Canadian prisons. Art's second book of poetry and essays, Eating Bitterness: A Vision Beyond the Prison Walls (1994), includes a poem called "Freedom of Religion," which starts:

"For these past eight years the Native spiritual ways
have gone into the prisons in Ontario
as a social thing,
in other words as a privilege
not as a right.

Native spiritual ways must go into the prisons
under the established principle of
Freedom of religion
and with the same respect and rights
that are accorded to any other faith tradition."

Art challenged the very foundations of the prison system, and advocated that prisons be abolished. In the essay, "Prisons are an Abomination," he asks, "Why do we persist in trying to heal social ills with a prison system that fails 80 per cent of the time?" He continues, "There are alternatives to prisons; in fact, there need be no prisons at all. But it takes right living. It takes sharing the gifts of God equally with all of God's children. That is what 11 faith traditions teach, but between the teachings and the living, there seems to be no connecting link."

Art's first book, Songs for the People: Teachings on the Natural Way, is dedicated to Native women in prison:

Cont'd on page 14

Cont'd from page 12

"If this is poetry,
It is given and dedicated to the Native Sisterhood
In the prison for women
At Kingston, Ontario,
To the women's side of our Indian nations
And to all true women.
(...)
We must walk in beauty and with power."

Women hold an honoured place in Art's vision of setting things right. "When women take hold of their part and start to come together, that will right the balance. We have to wait for that." Art's words bring images to mind of Eva - finding joy in others' accomplishments, sharing quietly in their pain, tempering anger with insight, helping us to "see with our hearts what we cannot see with our eyes." It seems to me that the profound respect Art had for women - respect as deep as any I have ever experienced - was rooted in his life with Eva, who stood true in her quiet strength. She knew her power and how to use it wisely. With few words, she imparted to her family and friends the sacredness of the place that women hold in traditional Native life. In their family life together, Eva was the healer, always seeking to bring about understanding and reconciliation. True to her Deer Clan, she could melt the heart of fear and anger with love. When I hear Art's statement, "our women carry the doorway to life for all humanity," I think of Eva.

Art belonged to Bear Clan, known as healers. Although he refused to call himself a medicine person, to me he was an extraordinary spiritual healer as well as a teacher and friend. In my mind I can see him now, sitting quietly in my kitchen. I was talking about my life, and tears streamed down my cheeks. Art was very still, listening. He sat there like a great tree, receiving my grief without judgement or question, letting my tears wash all the way down into the Earth.

Art worked hard to help create healing circles for Native women and men respectively, and proposed that mixed healing circles be the next step. In 1992, he wrote about a men's healing circle in Montreal which two women attended:

"It was a real blessing to have those two women in the workshop because women can articulate so well. But... men need more time, there were 12 or 13 men in that workshop, they spoke very little. The men needed to experience a healing workshop a few times to get comfortable with it. Another point that is vitally important to men is that a man has to present an image of strength (and) certainty not only to his woman and his family, but to every one else he encounters. For that reason it is extremely hard for a man to expose himself in an emotional way whereas it is more natural for a woman. We need healing circles for women and men together. We need to be sharing together again."

His challenge to all of us, women and men alike, remains: to overcome our fear, heal ourselves and realize the sacred dream.

"God's dream for us will not be accomplished by hiding in our little dark corners and shaking in our boots."

Art and Eva's concern for peace and justice led them to work with people of all different backgrounds in every corner of the globe. Art helped create the Canadian Alliance in Solidarity with Native Peoples and the World Council on Religion and Peace. He was a guest speaker at conferences all over the world, bringing his vision and teachings to Geneva, Switzerland, in 1977, for the World Council of Indigenous Peoples; to Holland on two occasions; to Vancouver, B.C., and to the Island of Mauritius for the World Council of Churches in 1983; to Nairobi, Kenya, in 1984 and Australia in 1988, for the World Council on Religion and Peace, and England sometime in between; and to Beijing in 1989, for the World Council of Churches. Eva accompanied him to Australia, Switzerland, Mauritius and China, to her great joy at helping weave the fabric of such a vast community. Eva and Art also toured the United States for several years with the travelling college, "White Roots of Peace," in the early '70s.

Art spoke his mind and gleaned satisfaction from speaking the truth and shaking things up. He challenged individuals, both Native and non-Native, and he challenged the system, denouncing the greed, the racism, and the rape and plunder of the land.

This frank outspokenness did not always earn Art friends, but it did earn him respect. His unwavering dedication and tireless work were recognized in many different circles. Art was awarded the Citizens of the Year Award in Sudbury in 1984. The Government of Ontario granted him the Medal of Merit in 1989 and named him a Member of the Order of Ontario. He was one of the first recipients of a Canadian Aboriginal Achievement Award.

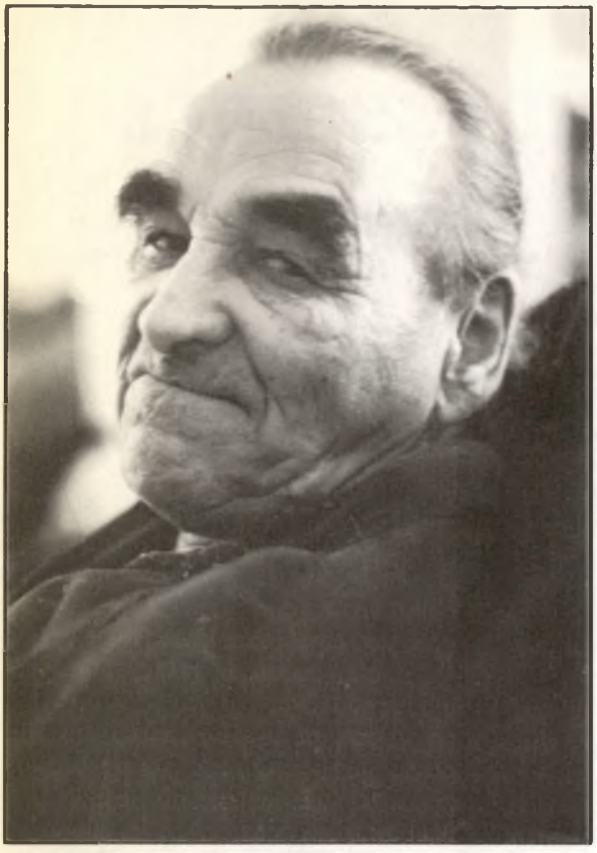
In 1986, Art was chosen to give the official welcome to Archbishop Desmond Tutu:

"It is an honour and a pleasure
To greet you, a peace warrior,
A man whose life is dedicated
To peace and justice on the Earth.
We are brothers in the same struggle,
Peace Warriors.
Your dedication is to peace and tranquility
On the Earth,

And, as Dr. Alan Boesak said,
'If there is no justice,
There can be no peace.'

(...)

I want to say to you:



Brother:
Welcome to this sacred land.
And my prayers will always
Go with you
And with my Black Sisters and Brothers
In their Sacred Homeland
Until peace is won."

Art was also invited to welcome Nelson Mandela on his first visit to Canada as President of South Africa. This was a very great honour, and one which Art cherished deeply. But as official organizers allowed only a few minutes for the prayer ceremony, and Art had too much respect for the prayer ceremony to force it into such a time slot, he declined the invitation. Anyone who was familiar with Art knew that once he made up his mind, he stuck to his truth.

Art's many accomplishments as a public figure have been recorded in his books and writings, and in articles about him. Eva's achievements and influence draw us into the subtle and personal realms involving individuals and matters of the heart more often than institutions or structures. In my friendship with Eva, I felt as if she were initiating me to a deeper level of womanhood, and I told her so as I was brushing her hair and putting curlers in, of all things. She laughed receiving this with great enjoyment.

Eva knew that claiming our power can be a joyful thing, and one that empowers others. She also knew how to stand her ground. I once made a comment to her that it couldn't have been easy, in the earlier days of their marriage, to be around Art when he was angry. She immediately laughed and said, "Oh, I guess he didn't like it too much when I was mad at him either." That reminded me of something Art had said to me a few years before: "women's strength is the stronger strength."

On the thank-you card that Eva's family sent out to friends and well-wishers, a photo of her smiling face is at the centre of a star-shaped quilt, like many she made some years ago. This star quilt she sewed is a symbol of her own life:

"We wish to say "Gitchi Meegwetch' for the part you have been in the creation of Eva's Star Quilt of Life. She valued creating community through her peaceful, graceful, welcoming heart. You were in her heart and very much a part of the community of her life. She was a rainbow maker, a promise of new life for all. Your friendship, compassion and love were the various colours of the rainbow and pieces of the star quilt that she so intricately wove together with all her values."

All of us who knew and loved her are delicately stitched together in a rainbow of colours. To really convey her magnitude, we'll all have to shine at full strength. "She herself was the healing medicine, the centre of the star."

Together, Eva and Art raised 10 children (two others died in infancy), and nurtured five more as foster parents. Many other children lived with them for various periods of time, receiving their care and nurturing as well. Their home was central to almost 30 grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and many nieces, nephews, and great nieces and nephews (not counting the many friends and members of the sisterhood and brotherhood who passed through their lives over the years). Eva was the heart of this vast and complex family network. With Art devoting much of his time and energy to a more public life of service, Eva's role as nurturer and healer was all the more crucial in their family. If Art's introductory acknowledgements in Songs of the People are any indication, he was regretful of the sacrifices that Eva and his children had to make, sometimes involuntarily, because of choices he made and the challenges of reconciling family needs with the demands of others.

When Art and Eva were both in their eighties and could no longer live on their farm in French River, it was the devotion of their children (and close friends) which enabled them to continue to live in love and comfort, with all the care and support they needed. No one in the family was prepared for Eva to go before Art. Her health had been relatively good, and in 1996, she was still able to travel with her daughters to Toronto, Montreal, Thunder Bay and Chicago to attend meetings and ceremonies. Art was not as mobile by then, because of his "plumbing problem."

The last time I saw Eva was shortly before she died. I didn't want to say goodbye. I figured we'd see each other some other way. When her daughter Eva called me on the evening of March 8th to tell me that her mother had made her passage, I was sitting with my own mother, drawing the face of Grandmother Moon with colours swirling out to the four directions. This drawing turned into a portrait of Eva, living up to her granddaughter's nickname for her as "Neon Nanny," because of the bright colours she loved. I'm still waiting to see her in my dreams.

The last time I visited Art was a few months later, for Eva's burial. The Earth had been too frozen to received her body until May. I couldn't imagine seeing Art and not hearing Eva's warm deep voice somewhere close by. They had been inseparable for 59 years.

When I stayed with him that last time in May, I had the feeling that his connection with Eva was still fully intact, despite her death. Art was his usual self - soft-spoken, decisive, stubbornly determined to heal himself, fierce in his indictment of injustice. I wondered what he was going to do, and I dreamed about it. He was

Cont'd on page 17

WE LIVE FROM EEYOU ISTCHEE

Eeyou Istchee is the homeland of the Crees, the Eeyouch. It is not limited to Category I, II or III lands. It is not limited to the Province of Quebec but includes lands and waters in the offshore and in Ontario and outside of the lands covered by the James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement.

"Eeyou Istchee" is the name we give to our homeland. It is the amount of land that the Eeyouch took to raise successive generations of our people. It is the area to which we, as the Eeyouch, have special rights to hunt, fish and trap and develop the resources for the benefit of the Cree, Eeyou Nation. We have rights to employment and to special opportunities for our companies in all developments on the territory. We have the right to protect the lands upon which our hunting depends from unsustainable development.

Standing together as the Cree Nation we will continue to take lead over the full extent of our lands, so we can benefit from the resources, participate in development and protect this valuable and important heritage left to our care by all of the generations who went before us.

As we have shown, we can say "no" to the plans of developers when we do not approve and we can insist on development and benefits due to us, when we deem that it is in the interest of the Cree Nation to favour development. Exclusion of Aboriginal Peoples from development and the destruction by so-called "development" of aboriginal societies that depend upon the natural resources are part of the history of Canada and Quebec. We stand against this. Development on Eeyou Istchee without or in spite of the Crees is not acceptable.

Grand Chief Matthew Coon Come

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GRAND COUNCIL OF THE CREES (EEYOU ASTCHEE)
GRAND CONSEIL DES CRIS (EEYOU ASTCHEE)

GRAND COUNCIL OF THE CREES
(EEYOU ASTCHEE)

ᐱᐦᐱᐤ ᑕᐦᑭᒪᓂᐣ
CREE REGIONAL AUTHORITY
ADMINISTRATION REGIONALE CRIE

CREE REGIONAL AUTHORITY

Cont'd from page 15

making up his mind, I guess.

In the dream, Art "put on" a great brown bear. He was himself, the same age as usual (83), but as he slipped into the great bear from underneath, he also became the bear. I was impressed at how powerful and agile he was on all fours, at his age, as he ran along a snowy path. He skidded to a stop at a crossroads and tentatively turned to the left fork, away from us. We called to him to come our way, but he just turned his head toward us as if he were considering his options. It seemed to me that this dream meant he was returning to his vaster spiritual self.

Art didn't talk much about his intimate feelings. When I once asked him what Eva meant to him in his life, he paused and said almost apologetically, "Oh, I don't think in this lifetime I could find words for that." But shy though he was to speak of his feelings, after Eva's burial service, Art told a close friend that his sweetheart had gone ahead of him to prepare the way. Sitting at her graveside with a red blanket around his shoulders, Art was calm and gracious, thanking his daughter Eva who led the pipe ceremony, thanking the priest who led a prayer as Eva's body was committed to the Earth, thanking the man who traveled thousands of miles to sing a song for her, and thanking each of us as we came to her graveside, one by one. On that clear cool day in May, a rumble of thunder in the heavens let us know that Thundergirl was there.

That was the last time I saw Art. It reminded me of the first time, when he sat quietly wrapped in a red blanket, making me think of a sacred offering.

A little over a month after Eva's burial, Art's great heart began to fail. On June 29, 1997, surrounded by family, he made his passage. Before leaving, though, Art gave us an exceptional gift, one that he had planned well over a year before he died. He asked friends from the Midewiwin (mid-day-win) Society to lead the traditional Ojibwa part of his funeral service.

The Midewiwin ceremonies began in Sudbury not long after Art's death. After several days and nights, the ceremonies continued in Killarney, where Art was to be buried alongside Eva. Friends and relatives took turns standing vigil 24 hours a day so that Art's body was never left unattended. A sacred fire was continually kept burning in a teepee by various men in turn, as men are the traditional keepers of the fire. Women brought food for everyone, taking care to include smoked fish and beaver and other traditional game, and some of Art's favourites, like grapefruit and chocolate. All the food had to be eaten each night and none could be thrown out. This was a sacred feast.

Night after night, Art's friends from the Midewiwin Society led the ceremonies. They prepared us to let Art go, and they prepared Art to make his passage through the spiritual realms. They purified us with sage, cedar, tobacco and sweetgrass, the four sacred medicines. Through singing and drumming and talking, they shared the teachings with all of us, Native and non-Native, so we could understand what each stage was about as we came to it.

This was a completely different approach to death and grieving than any I had experienced with a group of people - and one that was infinitely more satisfying than the services I had been part of. I felt as if the depths of my grief and loss were being recognized and touched, and in the process, transformed.

Art's friends from the Midewiwin Society addressed his family, preparing them for the time when they would have to let him go in peace. It was deeply moving for me to witness loved ones being so carefully tended to. I know the loneliness of not receiving that kind of care and attention.

Not just Art's family and friends were attended to, though. One of the men from the Midewiwin Society began to address Art himself about what he might encounter on his spiritual journey. I really cried then. It brought me back to the last night I spent with my partner, Michael, as he made his own passage into spirit, six years before. Michael had wanted me to read to him from the Tibetan Book of the Dead immediately upon his death. When it came time, I did read to him, but with great shyness. I read prayers of safe passage, which prepared him for what he might see and how he might be fooled from keeping his course. Feeling very strange and alone, I accompanied him like that for the first five days after his death, reading from the Book of the Dead.

The parallel between the ancient Tibetan and the ancient Mide teachings was striking, but it was the way the people from the Midewiwin Society accompanied Art and his family and friends that made me weep with a sense of belonging. They walked with us and prepared us. They cried with us and laughed with us. We talked about our experiences with Art and Eva. Our fried was recognized and shared, in all its depth. There was no shame there.

The last night of the Midewiwin ceremony, the small children fought to stay awake as we continued until 5 a.m. We broke for a few hours and came back at 8 a.m. for the final preparations before Art's body was escorted to the church. When it was time, we each gave our blessings to Art and filed outside. There we formed a human corridor, waiting to receive the others in their grief. The sacred fire burned on in the teepee out back.

Art's body was then brought to the church in Killarney, and the Catholic service began with a traditional smudge. Two of Art and Eva's sons, Tony and Art, purified the church with burning sage, cedar, tobacco and sweetgrass that they carried to the choir and congregation. Two of their daughters, sisters Priscilla and Eva, did the same with the priest and his assistant. These same daughters led the sacred pipe ceremonies, giving thanks and offering prayers to the four directions. I will never forget Priscilla as she faced the south and thanked its gatekeepers for honouring women, noting how her father had held women in such high regard.

This was what I had wanted to say at the Midewiwin ceremony, but didn't say out of shyness. To hear an Elder like Art speak about women with such respect was in itself a deeply healing experience for me as a woman. I have no words to convey this, but those who have known Art and Eva will know what I'm trying to say.

At the end of the church service, we all filed past the message that was posted in large letters - "Oh Lord how great Thou Art" - as we came forward to take communion or smoke the sacred pipe. Disregarding the stray thought that I'd start smoking again, I stood before Sister Eva and smoked the pipe. As we filed out of the church, Art and Eva's daughter Anne sang a journeying song for both her parents, and for each of her brothers and sisters - a song recalling the choices we have of where we want to go in our lives on Earth and in spirit. Holding her father's eagle feather, Anne closed the service with this song of hope to accompany us.

Cont'd on page 18

Cont'd from page17

This was not like any church service I'd ever experienced, and I was struck at the respect for Native spiritual practices that Art's daughters had succeeded in generating within a traditional Catholic framework. I left the church feeling that all things were possible.

At the cemetery, as Art's body was placed in the ground beside Eva's, the crest of a rainbow appeared in the sky, though no rain was discernible. The way I see it now, maybe Kesheyanakwan (Fast Moving Cloud) and Nimkiikwense (Thundergirl) took our tears and made a rainbow. I keep wondering how else their spirit and energy will be manifesting from now on.

All of us who have been touched by Eva and Art Solomon - in person, through their words or actions, or through others whose lives have been transformed by them - know how powerfully they live on in our hearts and minds and souls.

"Now we must put
The sanctity of Life
As the most sacred principle
Of power,
And renounce
The awesome might
Of Materialism,
We know that in all Creation
Only the family of man
Has strayed,
From the Sacred way.

We know that we are the ones
Who are divided
And we are the ones
Who must come back,
Together,
To worship and walk
In a sacred way,
That by
Our affirmation,
We must heal the earth
And heal each other."

My deep and heartfelt thanks to Art and Eva and their family for enriching this Earth and bringing us such an offering of love and healing.

P.S. The Eva and Arthur Solomon Memorial Bursary Fund assists Native students at Laurentian University. Donations can be sent to: Eva and Arthur Solomon Memorial Bursary Fund, Laurentian University, Ramsay Lake Road, Sudbury, Ontario. Tax receipts are available upon request. Other ways of commemorating Art and Eva are up to us.

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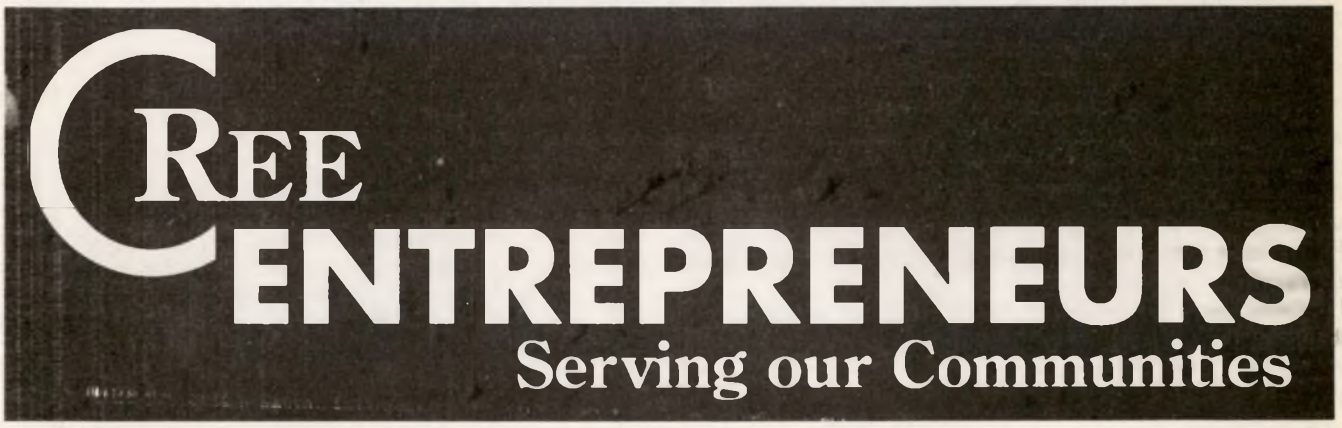

HOCKEY NEWS

The Cree Nation Bears ended hockey camp last Sunday, Sept. 13, in Mistissini. Here is the list of participants and selected Bears.

Biron, Andrew, Wem.,(age)14, selected; **Blacksmith**, Emmanuel, Mist., 15, selected; **Blacksmith**, Neil, Mist., 14; **Brien**, Nathan, Mist., 14; **Coonishish**, Jordan, Mist., 15; **Coonishish-Coon**, Kenneth, Mist., 14; **Dick**, Charlie, Whap., 15, selected; **Gilpin**, Wayne, Wem., 14, selected; **Iserhoff**, Joel, Mist., 12; **Iserhoff**, Tyronne-Billy, Mist., 15; **Jimiken**, Robert Jr., Mist., 15; **Linton**, Lawrence Jr., Mist., 14; **Longchap**, Victor, Wasw., 14; **Matoush**, Jewyll, Mist., 12; **Mattawashish**, Aaron, Mist., 12; **Metabie**, Robbie, Mist., 14, selected; **Neeposh**, David L.J., Mist., 15, selected; **Neeposh**, Eugene, Mist., 13; **Sam**, Byron, Chis., 13, selected; **Sam**, Matthew, Chis., 15, selected; **Shecapio**, Nathan, Mist., 13; **Shem**, David, Whap., 14, selected; **Snowboy**, Matthew, Chis., 14; **Stewart**, Ian, Wem., 15, selected; **Swallow**, Aaron, Mist., 13; **Swallow**, Christopher, Mist., 15, selected; **Visitor**, John Ross, Wem., 15, selected; **Weistche**, Philip John, Wask., 15, selected; **Weistche**, Randy, Wask., 14, selected; **Cooper**, Naaman, Wasw, selected; **Happyjack**, Conrad, Wasw.; **Jolly-Gull**, Jeremy, Wasw., selected; **Blacknod**, Silas, Nem.

I conducted an interview by phone with Steve Cheechoo, head coach of the Cree Nation Bears (also cousin of NHL drafted Jonathan Cheechoo), and got his comments about last weekend's camp.

HN: Are you satisfied with the overall participation at the camp last weekend?

Steve: I am very please about it. We had a good outcome of 32 registered players at the camp from seven different communities.

How was the camp conducted?

The camp started Friday evening and concluded Sunday afternoon. The selection of players was done from analysis of their performance from different types of exercises on the ice, such as power-skating sessions, different game situations. I also looked at leadership on ice, like how body checking was handled by players.

Is your list of players finalized yet?

No. I have a few places which will have to be filled in the next few days. Then, I should have the best "chemistry" of players to start the season. I will also sign up affiliated players, in case of injuries during the season.

Do you have a boarding home program in place for your players?

Yes. In collaboration with the Cree School Board in Mistissini. We have selected foster families that will be looking after players from outside our community. Some players will also be staying with relatives. We have school policies as well as team policies already in place involving curfews, homework sessions and discipline to be respected on and off ice. We are also in the process of having a disciplinary committee in place to help us.

Will you have support to help players with their education?

All players will be registered in the regular sector at school in Mistissini. We also have an agreement for the school to provide tutor services if needed for any of our players.

How many teams are registered in the Bantam CC League this season?

I believe there will be eight of us in the league this season: Chibougamau, Val d'Or, Amos, Rouyn, Ville-Marie, Qu_villon, La Sarre and the Cree Nation Bears.

When will you be starting the 1998/99 season?

The Grand Opening of the season will be made with Amos hosting a Gala (mini-tournament) on the weekend of Oct. 9-11.

What are your goals this coming season?

Lots of goals! (Ahahaha!) Seriously, my main goal is to develop a good hockey team with the best elements we have. We will also try our best to be a competitive team within the Bantam CC League. Last year was our first year in operation and we terminated the season sixth overall. We will set a goal to improve our position this season.

Thank you, Steve, and good luck with our Bears!

I also managed to locate some more Cree hockey players outside the region:

Chibougamau "Ambassadeurs" Midget AA: Wesley **Trapper** (Mist.), Blake **Bosum** (O.J.), Lance **Blacksmith** (Wasw.), Jordan **Coonishish** (Mist.), Richard **Ottereyes** (Wasw.)

Chatham, Ontario Junior B: Benjamin **Neeposh** (Mist.)

Juvenile League, Amos Cometes: Miles **Cowboy** (Wask.), still at camp

Old Timers Broomball League, Hull, Qc.: Janie **Moar** (Chis.), still at camp

Guess what? I hear Jonathan **Cheechoo** is still at camp. The NHL hockey team San Jose Sharks sent back some rookies to the minor leagues this week, but Jonathan remains... He will next be training with veterans, Also, Jonathan took part in an evaluation camp over the summer for the selection of the Canadian Junior Team. The final roster will be announced next December.

I guess it's "hockey" for now!

BY DOLORES AUDET-WASHIPABANO
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A reminder to all Cree students that hard work, perseverance and self-discipline are key ingredients for success at school. Continue learning and you will not only remain young, but you will become increasingly valuable to your community and the Cree Nation.

Wishing all students (on or off-community), teachers, school support staff and parents a **successful 1998-1999 school year.**

The Cree Nation Youth
Council Executive Committee
Youth Grand Chief Ashley Iserhoff
Deputy Youth Grand Chief John Jolly
Youth Chief Priscilla Mark, Secretary
Tina Mark, Treasurer
Charles J. Hester, Executive Committee Member

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ᓴᓐ ᑭᓐ ᓂᑎ ᑕᐅᓯᓂᐅᓇᓗᓐ ᑎ ᐊᓘᓂᔪᓐᓂᒪᓐᓄᑦ ᐊ ᓂᐃᓘᓐᑕᔭᖅ ᐃᓕᓴ ᑭᓇᓂᒪᑎᐅᓐ ᐊᓂᒋ ᐃᓕᓴ ᐊᑭᓐᓄᑦ.

ᐅ ᑎ ᐱᔪᓄᑦ ᐊᐅᓐ ᑎ ᓂᓐᔭᐃᓐᓂᒪᓐᓄᑦ ᓄᑲᓐ ᓂᓯᔪᓐᓄᑦ ᐊᓂᒋ ᑭᓇᓂᒪᑎᐅᓐ ᑎ ᐅᓂᑎ ᐱᑕᐱᓐᑕᑭᓗᓀᓐ, ᐊᓂᒋ 3 ᐱᓐᓴ 5 ᑎᓐᑐᔪᓐᓄᑦ ᐃᓗ ᓅᓐᑕᒥᓄᑦ. ᐊᓂᓕ ᐊᐅᑎ ᐃᓕᓐᓂᐃᓐᐅᐃᓐ ᑲ ᐊᓐᑎᐱᓴ ᐃᓕᓴ ᑭᓇᓂᒪᑎᐅᓐ, ᐅᓅᓐᓂᐃᓚᐅᑎᐅᓐ ᑭᓐ ᐃᓕᓴ ᐅᑭᒪᓐᑲᓗᓀᓐ ᐊᓐ ᐃ ᐱᑦᓐᑭᑭᓗᓀᓐ ᑎ ᐃᓕᐱᐊᓂᓗᓀᓐ, ᑭᓱᓐ ᑎ ᑭᔪᓐᓄᐅᔪᓄᑦ. ᑲᐱᖅ ᒪᓐ ᒪᓕᓂᐊᓐ ᐃ ᐃᓐᑕᔪᓄᑦ ᓄᐃᒻ ᑎᐊᓘᓂᓕᓐᓂᐅᑭᒋᓄᑦ ᐃ ᒪᓐᑕᔪᓄᑦ ᑭᓐᓄᑦ ᐃᓐᑕᔪᓄᑦ ᑎᑎᖅᑑᓂᖅ ᐃᓐᓇᐃᓐᓂᒪᓐᓄᑦ ᐃ ᒪᓐᑕᔪᓄᑦ ᑎᑎᖅᑑᓂᖅ ᑎᑎᕐᓂᐊᓕᒫ

You Have Given Us the Mandate.

We Will Continue to Fight for Cree Education.

We have been re-elected to bring about improvements in the quality of Cree education in Eeyou Istchee.

This year we will negotiate the renewal of the financial agreement on School Board operations for the next 3 to 5 years. With the cooperation of the Board personnel, the parents and Cree leadership in the required review and restructuring of operations, we will succeed! At the same time we are in the Quebec Court of Appeals with Quebec and Canada to defend our rights in respect to the education budget. In these ways we will protect the positions and programs that we have and also move toward the Cree CEGEP and enhanced Cree language and culture programs.

We will also continue our efforts to strengthen and protect our language and culture. Following the recommendations of the Cree Language and Culture Conference of November 1997, we will seek to increase programming for this and we will also work with the Cree communities and Eeyou Tabeytachesiw to create the Cree Language Commission and the policies necessary to increase the use of Cree in all of our entities, public places and meetings.

With the government of Quebec, we hope to begin discussions on our proposal for a Cree Education Act. This will clearly set the Crees apart so that we can better develop our educational system to meet the needs of the Cree Nation in Eeyou Istchee.

You have given us you confidence to meet the challenges before us. We pledge to do our best in protecting and improving our children's education and our Cree heritage. We'd like to thank you all for your support.

	NEMASKA
	WEMINDJI
	MISTISSINI
	WASWANIPI
	EASTMAIN
	CHISASIBI
	WASKAGANISH
Reggie Neeposh	OUJE-BOUGOUMOU
John Shem	WHAPMAGOOSTUI

People of the woods

On a hunting trip, paddling along in a canoe on an endless lake with my father and one of my sons, when suddenly a powerful ray of the setting sun burst through the thick clouds and temporarily shone a bright light on our canoe. From there on, slowly but determined to move on, as it got bigger and brighter, beautiful colours started appearing all around us, as the single ray hit the shorelines way beyond. At the same time, shadows were cast far and wide against the still-dark sky.

As fate and destiny would have it, for a moment in time at "evening's calm and holy hour," behold through vision, hearts are made to understand why they must go on, to live, to love and to hold.

In awe of its hugeness and beauty, the life survived together. Still now, my father starts to sing a song my ancestors always sang whenever these moments were bestowed upon them on their long journey. A song etched into our hearts to share.

Because of the strength of the heart to love, to trust, it blinds us. In time, just when fate and destiny prevailed, we wake up one day and realize that a curse hangs over our children. That a piece of this planet of the universe, the tall strong black spruce and their kind, that hid our world, made us feel secure, we find out, strangers of this world will pay any price to have them.

In our tradition, where humans walk softly on this earth, people listen and care for each other, one falls and several help him up. We cannot understand, or ever will, why we had to beg and plead, why could they just not listen when we told them not to take the trees away, not for any price.

Because they have been with us since the beginning, and without them, we do not know what to do. But they just tell us not to live in a romantic world.

Because we have been together for a long time, caring for one another, we feel she is sick, that the land needs us now, more than ever before. Hope and pray, we have not reached the point of no return, I'm afraid.

Wherever we are, in the woods that are left, we shall fall to our knees, pray hard to the Almighty Creator, the Alpha and the Omega, that He may give strength to our children to carry on, to extend or make new trails, discover new lands.

And the curse on our peoples, burying our Elders with sad hearts to end, to be no more as surely as the beginning of creation was, where life and death were as much of the universe as we were part of this world we believed would never end.

By a Cree hunter and trapper

Inspired by my father and son and the creation.

Dedicated to my father who is still alive today, born in the bush and grew up there.

And to my mother, who passed away to meet her maker, who also was born in the bush, now buried where she always belonged.

These two persons, who taught us to stay in touch with the world always, talked about a million years ago, just like it happened yesterday.

Forever, I will remain indebted and grateful to both until we meet again in another world.

Ed Note:

We are reprinting this piece in it's entirety. Due to technical difficulties

Wachiya!

Robert Lamothe, T.P.
Vice-président

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Generally the word Nuke evokes images of giant mushroom clouds rising from the rubble of a dropped bomb. It is of course bad news to have one dropped on you. For a growing number of Internet users it conjures up images of the "blue screen of death," It certainly does not compare to a nuclear winter. It is a pain to have to deal with, nonetheless.

As we all know, there are people in all segments of society who try to push the limits of the mediocre. Computer users are no different. They are refered to as Hackers. Along the way Hackers have gotten a bad rap because of the margins of that group. Hackers generally are law-abiding citizens who are pushing the limits of computers and software. Then of course the bad apples start showing up and ruin the party for the decent folk who are there just trying to have a good time.

The Hackers call those guys Crackers. Crackers generally are in it for the fun or because *it's there*, so they try to break through the computer security of a network, and then do their thing. Whatever that may be. Which brings us to the Nuke thing, when I was on the net the other night doing, ahem, "Research." Someone tried to Nuke me. The operative word being *tried*. I didn't even notice it.

Unfortunatly, a lot of people do notice when they are being Nuked. Your computer freezes up and a blue screen comes on and or a message shows up, then you have to reboot. Generally it isn't damaging to your system, but if you were working on your bestseller or your "A grade" paper and you didn't save then zap it's gone. Kiss your pulitzer good bye. One for the bad guys.

A Nuke is a file which is sent to your computer while you're on the Net. If a computer isn't protected from that, the 'puter doesn't know how to handle the file so it freezes up. It is sent to your IP number which is your ID while you're on the Net.

Remember the operative word? *Tried*? Well, I downloaded NukeNabber and installed it in my 'puter. It works in the background and shields your ports from Nuke attacks. As I was shutting down my browser and stuff I noticed in the Nabber window it said *one Nuke*. Huh?? I thought to myself. I opened the log and it had the details of where it came from, the IP# of the alleged Nuker and the name of his or her ISP (Internet Service Provider). The message the person wanted to send me also was there. It is too nasty for a publication such as this to reprint, but the first letters of the words begin with F and and a Y, I'll let you fill in the rest. Go to <http://www.download.com/PC/Result/Download/0,21,0-40115,00.html> to download NukeNabber. You might need to upgrade your winsock to a 2.something. If you're using Windows '98, it isn't necessary to have NukeNabber, they supposedly built in the security for it. I'll have more next time. Till then.

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100-BIRTHS

Congratulations to Claude and Lorraine on the birth of their baby son Redfern Allan born on July 4, 98. We want to tell you how proud to be the Godparents for Redfern Allan. From Jerry and Hattie.

Congratulations to Melisssa and Michael on the birth of their baby boy who's name is garret. he was born in the early hours of August 29, 98. Weighting at 9 lbs., 11 oz at Chibougamau Hospital. baby boy for my baby brother! Love sis in Wemindji.

101-BIRTHDAYS

Birthday greetings going out to my cousin Minnie Capissisit. too bad that the Super Club is closed huh? Too bad you can't celebrate your 18th b-day there. Have a wonderful b-day cuz. From Rita Cappissisit in Ojay and Linda.

Happy belated birthday to my Boo doo girl Angel Cooper on July 22 in Hull. You have made a big difference in our lives...Your life is full of love around you. You are so sweet to be with, play with and especially feeding you. My heart is filled with happiness, affection and the most is carrying you. we love you so much from mommy, daddy, Zachary and Dylan but don't forget your baby-sitter Skin. xoxoxo

Happy birthday to my brother Jimmy Ford on July 31, 98. I hope you are happy with your life. Please don't forget I am still part of your life. From your sister in Hull, Cheryl Ann, Stan, Zachary, Dylan and Angel. xoxoxox

Happy belated birthday to our uncle Malcolm Tanosh from Nemaska, Quebec. May your day be as special as you are. Love, Angela L., Harriet W., John Jr. M., and hank M.. And your sister Florrie from Moosonee Ontario.

Belated birthday wishes go out to a very special three year old, Ethan Neil Iserhoff Bobbish whose birthday was on August 19, 1998. Sorry I missed your birthday party but I heard you had a lot of fun. Love you very, very, very much and a bundle of hugs and kisses from Grandma Susan. xoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Birthday wishes going out to my son Jeffrey on October 9, 1998. I'll continue to encourage you to try to be a good and be and honest person. Honesty, love and patience are the most important role in this whole wide world. Gets rough sometime along the way but a person's love and honesty is precious and powerful force on earth. Happy birthday son and many more to come. Take care and love always, mom (Eastmain)

Birthday wishes going out to my dad on September 13. From Rosanna.

Happy sweet sixteen to Pat Ekomiak on August 28, 98. I wish you good luck in school and don't miss it. I love you with all my heart. He will be in sec. three in North Bay. Hope I'll see you very soon. Love always from you mother in Chisasibi.

Happy belated birthday to our wonderful , super grandpa Lawrence Katapatuk Sr. on the 13th of September. We are so grateful to have such a caring and loving gramps. We love you oh so much. From Calvin and Meyaubinsh (wask)

A happy 1st birthday to Christian "Jin" Mak (09-03-98). Don't let your big brother steal all your new toys! Enjoy your day and don't eat too much cake. Lots of love from daddy, mommy and Cody.

Happy 3rd birthday to Cody "Codeman" Mark (09-02-98) Boy, you're gonna have a blast when you open al the presents and see all the toys you're gonna get. Hugs and kisses, Daddy, mommy and "Jin"

Happy 6th birthday to Allanah pearl Visitor on September 28, 1998. Love, your sister Migwin and your guys Cody and Christian. xoxoxoxoxo

Happy birthday to my sister rose Anne Blueboy on September 11, 98 (north bay My sister, my friend. life made you my sister, but you're more than that, you're my forever friend because of the beauty inside you. no one will ever understand me and stand by me quite the same way you do. I'm glad to have a sister like you. you're a special sister to us. I love you a s a sister. From Elaine (wask,) happy ?? birthday! P.S. It isn't the same with out you here. I missed you a lot.

Happy birthday to my little sister in great Whale Melanie Cassandra Blacksmith. She will be 2 years old on September 3rd, 98. You're growing very fast. It seems like yesterday the first time I held you in my arms. I just want the world to know how much I love you. I would also like to wish my father Mike Shields a happy birthday on October 16, 98. I still don't remember how old you'll be but who cares. Anyways you're still my dad. I love you both so much, too much my heart is full of love always your daughter and sister, Terrilyn Victoria Blacksmith. xoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Happy belated birthdays to Eva and Ryan Angatookaluk. from mommy and happy belated birthdays to Melanie Shields from auntie Mary, Eva august 18, Ryan, August 24, Melanie, September 3 (GWR)

Happy 55th birthday to Uncle Fred, Grandpa Fred on September 19, 98. With love from all your nephews and nieces, Rodney, Heather, Kelly, Thomas, Anne Marie, Melissa, Betsy, Beatrice, Derek, Natalie, Gerri, Arita, Sheldon, George, Pat, Brenda and your grandchildren Sherrilyn, Warren, April Jullianna, Andrea, Amanda, Delon, Ryan, Shanon, Cody, Christian, Cherilyn, Trent, Julia, Derius, Miigwin, Bryan, harry, Wayne and Suzanne.

Happy birthday to my special aunty Rose Anne Blueboy on September. 11, 98. hope your birthday will be as wonderful as you are. I wish I could be with you on your birthday but anyway have a wonderful birthday. "I love you. You love me. You're a happy family with a great big hug and a kiss from me to you. won't you say you love me too." From your nephew Donovan Blueboy. By the way, how's North Bay? I miss you.

We would like to wish our daughter a very happy birthday on august 3rd, 1998. we are very blessed to have a daughter who's always saying something funny. you have brought joy, love and happiness into our lives. We love you so much....Love, Brian, Ruby (And no, your brother is not for sale.) Ethan.

Birthday wish going out to my pally Charles on August 11, 98. I hope you drink a lot on your birthday and many more bottles to come. From Mr. personality himself.

Birthday wishes going out to a super (NINI) Stephanie Belanger (Chibougamau) who turned 22 on July 31st, 1998. I just wanted to take this time to tell you how much your friendship means to me and that I admire and care about you. And I just hope you don't regret for having a retarded friend like me. I don't regret for being retarded...And another birthday wish going out to the AYC Vice-president Jaime Koebel (Alberta) who turned 20 on august 10, 1998. I know me and you we'll have a great time in the youth council since I am taking your position as Secretary of the AYC you will be hearing a lot from me. Good luck in your position. I know will do AN AWESOME JOB. BY THE WAY, FOR ALL OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT AYC MEANS, IT'S ABORIGINAL YOUTH Council. Well enough of this yapping and again Happy birthday to you both. Hope you have a great one.

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Friend always, and forever and ever amen From Jeannette Longchap known by name of Nannette. xoxoxoxoxo.

A special little girl will be celebrating her 1st birthday on September 6, 98. This goes out to Valentina Faith Matches. Our home is filled with the cutest new things our dear little granddaughter needs. Our time is filled with the fun to do things such as walking and feed. Our dreams are filled with the sweet things she's saying and the adorable clothes she's wearing. And our hearts are filled with the happiest way with such love, affection and in the most caring way. On September 6, 98 we'd like to wish our granddaughter Valentina a very special 1st birthday and many more to come. happy birthday to you. from grandma and grandpa Bobbish.

Happy belated birthday to my sisters Marilyn on August 4 (18) and Annie on August 20 (20) Annie, take care of yourself and the baby growing inside you. I can't wait for my new niece to be born. from your sister Joanne.

Happy 18th birthday to my old friend Rachel Allison. happy birthday! So I hear you wanna go celebrate in Montreal. If you do be careful take care of yourself. Your classmate since grade one. (OJ)

I would like to wish my grandma kitty a happy birthday on September 5 and to my grandpa Ronnie on September 17. You have filled my life with happiness, love and joy and you bought me stuff that mommy can't afford! Love always, Baby Bop.

A happy 20th birthday to our dear friend Bonnie Fern on august 30. Happy birthday Buddy. So how was it like being there to celebrate with you. You even left without saying good-bye. : (Well we hope we see you soon cuz we miss you very badly. From your friends Mina and Mellisa. (OJ)

I would like to wish a happy 2nd birthday to my nnephew from Chisasibi Bruce Wayne Duff Joly. hey Boy! What's up. I hope you're doing great. and don't eat too much of your cake. I wish yopu the very besyt of luck and take care of your little sister and don't give mommy a hard time ok? I love you. I wish I could spend your special day with you. With love, uncle Kevin. Nemaska.

Happy 2nd birthday to my cousin Richard Phillip Jolly on September 4. Hope you had a lot of fun. Once again, happy birthday cuz. Kevin.

This special birthday greeting going out to my namesake Precious Margaret Evadney. Happy 1st birthday. I love you lots. I hope you had the time of your life. And please do me a favor, go see your dad and grandparents, you need them. I love you so much precious. With love, Kevin.

102-WEDDINGS

To Tina and Ronnie Ottereyes. Congratulations! I hope you have a wonderful future together and wish you the best of luck. From all of us who couldn't make it to your wedding. (Sorry)

Congratulations to our friends John henry and Sylvia on their wedding day on September 12, 1998. We wish you all the best life has to offer you. May the good Lord keep you together always. With love and prayers Derek and Demerise M. P.S.. it's about time you two got married.

103-ANNIVERSARIES

Happy second anniversary to my friends Phyllis and Alfred Gilpin on September 13th, 1998. We wish you the best of luck and happiness in the future. From Diane and Rosanna (Eastmain)

We would like to wish a happy anniversary to Ronnie and Kitty Masty on October 12. You have touched our lives in more ways than one, I don't know how 'you'll ever repay you. If I win a million dollars I'll buy you dinner at Lizzie's (just kidding) Love and prayers, Ruby, Bryan Neebin and baby Bop.

I would like to wish a happy anniversaries to my parents on August 11. Their 37th anniversary, Philip and Maggie Neeposh and happy birthdays to my niece and nephews, Queenie on August 11 and Quincy on August 15 and Eugene on August 22 and Gilbert on August 26 and to my brother Clifford on August 18 and to my sister Lizzie Jane Shecapio on August 30 and to my father Philip on August 31 and to my brother George on September 4. From their aunt, sister and daughter Lynda N. Mistissini.

We would like to wish our parents Robbie and Elizabeth a happy 24th anniversary on September 16, 1998. We are very fortunate to have caring, loving parents like you and no cannot express the many thanks and

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appreciation we have for you. You're love brought us where we are today. Love, always and forever, Robbish, Rubish, Briansh Samson-Cheese and Donnysh. last but not least Neebin and Bodo-Abash.

104-GRADUATIONS

I would like to send this out to Clarence Diamond. Congratulations on your graduation. Nobody knew but you really did it and I would also like to tell you I love you so much and I would always like to be a part of you. Love always, Tammy Sag.

300-PERSONALS

To new and returning students from Whapmagoostui going to school in Canadian cities. just a few reminders for being a successful student: 1.) Don't miss too much classes. 2.) Pay attention. 3.) Do your homework. All the best and good luck in your studies. from a fellow Whapmagoostuiiyou. P.S. the weekends were meant for studying and doing homework, not going to bars and partying. (I'm only kidding)

I just want to let my boyfriend know that I love you more than words can say. De: Nathaniel Coon-Come. A: Pearl Petawabano. truly xoxoxoxo madly xoxoxox deeply. P.S. Je t'aime encore plus.

Hi to a boy in Whapmagoostui, James George. Oh boy, I miss you so much. I wish you will be here in my arms!! from me. guess who Gio?????? ILY always. xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

We would like to send a message to Charles Shashaweskum in wemindji. Hi pal, don't smoke too much and don't party too much or you'll be seeing us sooner than you think. from the two girls in Chisasibi. GH, SC. DF. Bye Charles.

We would like to say hello to a crazy boy in Wemindji. his name is Charles Shasheweskum. It's so boring since you were gone. We want you back so bad. Nobody is there to make us laugh anymore. from the girls in Chisasibi, GH, DF and SC.

#10. Eastmain Fire Balls Mr.. My Apple.

500-MISC.

Wanted: Freighter canoe, used, in good condition, 24 feet. Write, send photo or call Peter Kick, 73 Shear Road, Saugerties NY, 12477, USA. 914-246-9454 (246-9454. Thank you- meegwatch.

For Chip

I've been doing a lot of traveling this summer and I have managed to visit many First Nation communities. One of the things I noticed that is common to these communities is the large number of dogs, in every shape, size and colour. I love dogs and I am drawn to them as though they were old friends. I am reminded of my own dog Chip, who in his short life was my very best friend.

Chip was a wonderful mutt and as near as I could figure out he was a cross between a collie and a husky. He had big brown friendly eyes and was mostly dark brown with a white belly and collar. His face was brushed with white eyelids and a lighter shade of brown ran across his snout. Come to think of it, he had the look of a funny little clown.

The first time I ever saw Chip was in the summer of '95. I discovered him and eight other little puppies on a bitterly cold February day. Just as I was climbing into our tractor to head out on a refueling job for the band, I heard a whimpering sound and decided to investigate. I looked around for a while and followed the sounds until they led me to the back tire, where I was shocked to find nine little puppies and their mom, Suzy, laying oblivious to the danger that hung only inches away. It was a sad sight because they were all born in the worst part of the building, in front of the main doors, where there was a slight crack for the cold wind to whistle through. Four of the pups were frozen and the rest were huddling together. I scooped them up and carried them to a bed I made of insulation, old coats and blankets in a part of the garage that was more protected.

I tended to Suzy and her surviving pups for a couple of months. I made sure mom got enough food every day so she had the energy to care for her remaining pups. I remember the joy of waking in the morning and heading out to the garage to check on Suzy and her family. After work at night, I would check in again and spend some time with my new friends. Two months went by and the time came to give the pups away but only after I had chosen my Chip to stay on. Chip was the odd one of the group in his clown-like appearance and spotted colour.

We had some great times together and it seemed that he was almost always by my side. I can still see him following behind me, as I rode the tractor doing odd jobs around the community. Everywhere I went Chip was not far behind. Sometimes it just felt so good to have him jump up into my arms as I would give him a big hug. Chip was wild and constantly active. Most of the time he was in hot pursuit of me, as I rode away in the truck, on the tractor, the four-wheeler or a snowmobile.

Chip and I had a unique relationship in Attawapiskat. Most people I know keep their dogs tied up and don't spend very much time with them. It is as though they are seen as remnants of the past when dogs played an important role in transporting my people around the frozen north. We have lost our respect for these wonderful animal friends of ours.

I didn't cry when I heard that Chip had been shot by one of our local police officers and his body taken to the dump. I went to the dump and found him lying in a heap of burning garbage. I dragged him to a spot in the woods, put him in a plastic bag, dug a hole and buried him. I stayed for a while to say my good-byes and then left. It is only recently that I have learned how to cry. The pain I felt that day Chip was removed from life was devastating and left me numb for days. Now and then I take the time to think of Chip and I am thankful for the short time I knew him. Chip was my best

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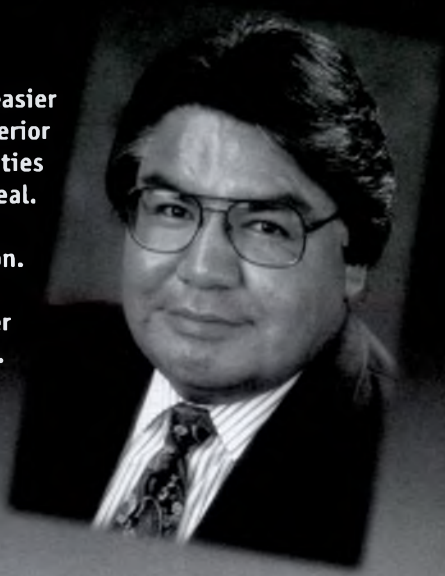

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